Not Nice by BlueM0nd4y

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Summary:

Billy is paired with one of the most annoying girls ever.

Unfortunately, she happens to find out some of his dirty little secrets.

1. Part one

Author's Note:

Helloo there.

I hope you enjoy :)

It's another lame day at Hawkins High School. Similar to many other ones.

Billy is sitting next to his unlikely bff Robin, absently listening to Miss Ingold's lecture without paying too much attention on her. Figures. English classes are boring as hell for the boy, just like any other classes of that lame school. The only moment where Billy can blow off some steam is on the court. The rest is just static sound in the background.

"…This is why this assignment will be with partners that I chose for each of you personally. You need to learn how to cooperate as a team, even with people with whom you may not get along…" Miss Ingold is babbling about some stupid class assignment. Billy lifts his head toward her without putting too much interest. Looks like she's about to give an assignment with casual partners selected by the teacher herself, and that could be kind of problematic since Billy is not too famous for being the nicest and most friendly person in the school.

That's lame. He has grown used to do everything with Robin, the idea of not having her as a partner is kind of… annoying. Anyway. It's not a big deal, after all. What could possibly go wrong?

"Now I'll call your names. And note that I won't change the groups for any reason. Learn how to work in a team is part of the assignment too." Miss Ingold declares, before reaching a paper on the desk.

Billy wrinkles his nose. Why collaborate with anyone else than Robin?! They already make the best team. He hopes he won't have to stand someone insufferable, but that's a very concrete possibility since the number of people he hates in his class. Jeez, he hopes it

won't be Sarah or Courtney… or even that idiotic freak Terry Jackson. He doesn't know how his patience can resist them.

"Robin Buckley and Chris Robinson." Miss Ingold starts to read, and Billy can actually see how Robin's blood becomes cold at these words. Fuck. That's not good, not at all. The girl squirms on her seat, looking totally upset. Billy can't blame her.

"Sarah McKenzie and…" "Excuse me, teacher!" Robin interrupts Miss Ingold's reading, raising her hand, an expression akin to desperation on her face. The older woman glares at her with scorn, clearly already understanding what she is about to say.

"I need to switch partner, I had a personal story with Robinson that…-" "As I said, switching partners is nonnegotiable." The woman cuts her off.
Shit. Billy feels actually sorry for his friend. That won't be easy, after all. Robinson has been quiet in the recent time, he hasn't harassed her or Billy after his apologies, but Robin and he have quite a history. After all, she's the girlfriend of his ex. It's awkward as hell, to be honest.

However, Billy is not able to express his sympathy for the girl, so he just sends her an apologetic look, without saying anything. He turns his head to Robin's new partner, he looks quite upset too, even if he's striving not showing it. He's clenching his pencil, almost breaking it with his thumb. Jeez, maybe Billy will have to talk to him to try to mediate the situation. After all, they have become quite of acquaintances, in the recent developments.

"Billy Hargrove…" The call of his name catches his attention. He snaps toward the teacher, curious. "…and Anne Adams." Anne Adams?! Who the fuck is that?!

Billy casually makes his sight roaming to the room, searching for the girl, but nada, nisba. He can't really place a face with the name. Shit, if he ever paid more attention to the people around him… not knowing who your partner will be it's unnerving. But, if he has never heard of her, that means that she must be a lame nerd or something like that. Why the hell did Miss Ingold paired him with a nerd? That doesn't make any sense. He's one of the smart ones, after all.

Only after the teacher's list is finished and Robin has walked to her imminent tragic destiny, a girl appears in front of Billy with a resentful expression on her face. She's kind of pouting and Billy, from the very first time he sees her, feels a visceral feeling of hatred. She hasn't talked and yet she seems obnoxious, to Billy's taste.

The girl responds pretty much to Billy's mental figure of her: she's dressed in a shirt, a sweater and a pair of jeans. Her hair is short and black, with a thick, long fringe that almost covers her black eyes. She wears glasses. Classic nerd. Her outfit is totally anonymous for an anonymous person. What pisses Billy off is not the fact that the girl is a loser, no. What is pissing him off is the fact that she's wearing that insufferable scornful expression on her face. How dare she?!

"Billy Hargrove." She spats, as a statement. He raises a brow, keeping up an alpha façade. "Yup. The one and only." She rolls her eyes in response and, damn! Billy must suppress the urge to insult her straight away.

"Right. Let's make this clear." Anne, because that's her name, even if she hasn't introduced herself and that's fucking rude, drags a chair and sits in front of Billy without grace. She has strange, nervous energy with her. As if she's on the edge or something. This has the power to rile Billy up even more.

"I'm going to become a journalist." Anne declares, glaring at Billy and entangling her hands on the surface of the table. "To realize that, I need to get to the best colleges in the country, and to get to the best colleges, I need the best grades. Understand?"

FUCK. Billy's eyes are crossed by a glimpse of irritation. He's about to smash that bitch head on the surface of the table if she keeps up that stupid smug act. How dare she?! Who the fuck she thinks she is?! She's got a loud mouth in there.

"So… I can't afford to lower my grades because you are too focused on sports and girls to care about your future. It's too important to me. So, if you're just going to get in my way, then just give up. I'll do all the work for the both of us, I don't care if it's not fair."

Billy needs some seconds to realize that the girl has stopped talking.

Now his hands are itching for a fight. He hasn't felt this angry since… he doesn't know. A while. It's almost like his old self. A red thick layer is about to obscure his sight and he doesn't know for how much he will be able to do an exercise in self-restraint.

Calm down. She's just an annoying, cocky nerd. Don't be a fucking psycho and give her a taste of the same medicine.

After an eternity spent just in gaining back some composure, breathing raggedly through his nostrils, Billy sighs and puts up the fakest, lascivious smirk of the repertory, challenging Anne with a heavy glare.
The bitch is gonna pay for her insolence.

"You know what, Anne… I thought about yelling at you, because you just fucking disrespected me without a clue, but now, I do realize that the best thing is to try to be merciful and comprehensive." He starts. The girl doesn't flinch. She keeps up the staring contest with a poker face. Billy continues the speech after a small, emphatic pause. "…So, I try to understand how your little brain works down there, I try to understand why you said what you said. I mean, you practically just accused me to be a dumb idiot just because I'm a jock. You do realize that, don't you?"

Her expression shifts a little, but she keeps the façade. It's a small crack, Billy can work on it.
"Because I'm an athlete and I'm basically the girl's wet dream I also must be stupid as fuck and get bad grades. So, is that the simple conclusion that your brain has made? Is that how you read the complexity of the world? Cool means dumb?"

The crack is expanding. Now she's squirming on the seat, fidgeting. She opens her mouth to speak, but Billy raises a hand and interrupts her. "No, no, no. Don't get me wrong – Anne. I'm just trying to understand you, I'm just trying to understand the wicked way your small head process the world around you. Such simplicity. Isn't it?" He sniggers, cruel and bold. The offended shade on Anne's face is pure satisfaction.

"But I understand. I mean, must be hard being a loser, a socially awkward person who spends all her time just studying to get the job

of her dreams."
Ok. Now she's totally pissed. He should stop. He can't.

"So this is the little fantasy you created, isn't it? The jocks are dumb animals and will be no one when you, a little good scholar, you will be rewarded for your time spent in standing the cruel, social hierarchy of this sick school. Wow!" He claps his hands, snarky. "Very convincing. Except that there is one thing that you haven't considered, the world is not such simple as you believe. And you - cannot label people in categories because this… this ain't true. It's bullshit. And if you're clever as you think you should know that everything you believe, the little, ordinate world you created in your mind, is just a lie. You're socially awkward, and you're not good enough. That's the truth."

Now she's definitely trembling and her eyes are definitely watering. But Billy is getting more and more worked up and he cannot stop his tongue that is running by itself.
"So now, don't come here and tell me what the fuck am I because you don't know shit about me, and you don't know shit about life either, you're just a pathetic little girl who made a pathetic little world in her mind to justify her personal gaps!" Billy pokes her shoulder, and that's it. She snaps on her feet and runs outside the classroom, a hand on her mouth, crying.

Everyone's eyes are pointed at the scene, while nobody dares to say a word. Billy is still watching the exact spot where the girl has just disappeared, blinking stupidly. Then, he realizes – he has gone too far. Way too far.

"Billy. Hargrove." Miss Ingold calls him with a grave voice while sending a reproachful look. Billy, suddenly, just wants to become smaller and invisible, even if he acts like he doesn't give a fuck about anything, as usual.

Why couldn't he shut his fucking mouth?! He had the right to be a little bad with Anne, no doubt on that, but he should have stopped before breaking her into pieces. The girl looked desperate, for fuck's sake. Maybe he truly is a psychopath, after all. He doesn't feel sorry for her, though. But, yeah, he totally feels angry with himself, for his lack of self-control.

“Care to tell me why Miss Adams has just run out of my class in the middle of my lesson, crying?” The teacher rhetorically asks. Billy sighs and runs his hands on his face, suddenly feeling all way tired. “I dunno. Girl’s problems, I guess.” He spats, producing a scoff by Robin, who’s seated few tables behind him. Billy snaps toward her, furious. “What?!” “Seriously, Hargrove?!” Robin snarls, crossing her arms on her chest. “Go talk to her!” She yells, then. And, considering they’re in the middle of class, that’s pretty awkward. Billy throws his arms in the air. “Mind your own business, Buckley! She disrespected me.” “Oh my fucking god.” Robin snaps on her feet, fuming in a rage.

“Drop this far west act and go apologize!”

A small pause of silence follows. Miss Ingold clears her voice, a little bit flustered. “Uhm, I agree with Buckley, Mister Hargrove. I suggest you go find Adams and apologize to her.”
Billy groans aloud. “Come oon, seriously?!” “Yeah, seriously. To learn how to get along with people is fundamental, and you need to do a lot of work, Hargrove.” Miss Ingold reproaches him, severe. Billy can hear Robinson chuckling a few seats behind him, so he sends him the dirties look. Then, he can’t avoid it, after a long sigh, he gets on his feet, feeling the eyes of everyone glued on his figure.

“Alright.” He spats, making sure to sound pissed to the teacher.
“This is bullshit.” He mumbles then, to himself, on the way out, willing to be heard by Miss Ingold.

Robin leans back on the chair with a sigh.

Today is such a strange day. The boy next to her restarts to scribble on his notepad, his eyes are glued on it. The situation is way too awkward for both of them, Robin can tell. It’s strange, she had never thought to see Chris Robinson nervous in any circumstance, but that’s exactly what he seems now.

“I don’t get it. What’s the deal with Hargrove?” The boy mumbles, after a while, not leaving his eyes from the pad. This sudden attempt to start a conversation takes Robin aback. They have been paired, right, but it’s not that they need to talk more than the necessary.

Robin gets back scribbling too, feeling a certain amount of tension in her guts. “What you mean?” she hisses, glancing at the jock with the corner of her eye. He shrugs. “I don’t understand the guy. It’s like he does everything to be a douchebag.” Robin can’t help it. She scoffs and rolls her eyes in response. “You’re the one who talks. As if you’re any different.”

Chris moves his gaze on her. His brows are furrowed in a slightly confused expression. “What you mean?” “Uhm, hello?” Robin waves her hand in a mocking gesture. “You called me dyke multiple times. You treated Liz like shit, not talking about how you taunted Billy for weeks! If this is not doing everything to be a douchebag, Robinson, I don’t know what it is.”

The boy stares at her for about five seconds, an unreadable expression on his face that makes Robin nervous. It’s strange. She expected him to get all riled up, instead…
“You’re right.” He admits, after a while, even if he doesn’t look sorry at all. Maybe it’s just the stupid masculine pride, Robin suspects.

“That was before my vacancy at the psych ward for two weeks, by the way.” He adds, moving his sight to the paper again, clenching the pen almost angrily in his hand. This is… ok, unexpected. Robin is a little taken off guard. Before she can speak back, Chris continues to talk. “And I fixed my shit with Hargrove, anyway. We’re cool now. Besides… yeah, I’ve been a dick to you guys, but my ex-girlfriend had fucking dumped me out of nowhere for another chick. This is not something easy to digest, if you know what I’m saying.”

Yeah, of course is all about the betrayed virility. Jeez. Robin must suppress the urge to gag. “So… you’re telling me that it would have been different if she had dumped you for a boy.” “I’m not saying…” he replies, but Robin doesn’t leave him the space to speak back. “But you’re *thinking* that, I can tell. You know what? Let’s fucking drop this conversation. You’re an insufferable homophobe, and I am an uncurable dyke. We’re never gonna get along, so why don’t we just focus on the project and cut our social interactions to the minimum, uh?”

Chris shoots her a dirty look, seeming almost offended. Well, Robin doesn’t fucking care. After a while, he sighs and gets back scribbling.

“At least I’m trying.” He mumbles, almost to himself.

Robin can’t help but blink in surprise. What does he mean? She can’t inquire on it; the bell finally rings. No trace of Billy’s return, which means that he must be still trying to apologize to that girl.

Well, better to find him. Robin snaps on her feet and collects her stuff from the table. The best thing now is to get away from Chris, she doesn’t know why, but the oddly calm coldness of the guy gives her chills.

Turns out that Anne has locked herself in the girl’s bathroom.

Billy would have never, never thought to find himself in the situation where he is in. Which is, exactly: standing with his back pressed to the cubicle’s door, arm crossed on his chest, desperately trying to make amend with the most annoying girl in the world. Jeez. Life is really strange.

“Come on, Anne! I was joking! Don’t make such a drama!”

…And he’s not exactly succeeding in that.

“Go away! This is the girls’ bathroom, by the way! You can’t be here!” The girl yells behind the door, causing the most pained grunt in Billy in response. “Jesus Christ!” he groans, gripping his hair in exasperation. “You really are infuriating, you know that, girl?!”

Wrong possible choice of words.

“Is this how you think to apologize to me?! Insulting me?!” Anne yells back, and, well, maybe she has a point, but she already crossed the fucking line of Billy’s poor patience.
“You know what?! Screw this.” He exhales, defeated. “I tried.” He’s about to walk out of the bathroom, when Robin enters with surprising timing, bringing a light of hope in the boy. She has a scornful expression on her face, and what the fuck is wrong with everyone being pissed at him today?!

“Hargrove.” Robin spats, approaching him with a steady gait. Billy sighs and gets back leaning on the door. “Thank god you’re here,

Buckley. I can't deal with this shit." He declares, venomous. "Well, you must." Robin states, flanking him and pressing her back on the door as well.

"Anne… it's Robin." She tells. The other girl responds almost immediately. "Robin?! Leave me alone! Your friend is an asshole!" Billy rolls his eyes at that declaration. Clearly, they need to make him a saint after today.

Robin rubs her temples and sighs, looking stressed. "Yeah, I know, ok? But why don't you start with telling me what happened between you two?" This question has the power to rile up even more Billy. Why is Robin asking *her*?! He's also been insulted.

"She started it!" Billy whines, in high-pitched voice. "She told me that I'm dumb because I play sports. That she wants to do all the work by herself because she thinks I will lower her grades!" Robin looks pensive at his friend for a few seconds, then, she speaks again to the door.

"Is that right, Anne?" the girl answers with an acute voice. "He told me that I'm socially awkward and a failure and I know nothing about life!" at this poor explanation, the blondie sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose. "Oh god. Why are you making me do this." She mumbles to herself.

Billy is staring at her, a little hurt in his pride due to his being in that freaky situation. But, at least, maybe Robin will be able to do her magic and solve that goddamn crying show of the lame girl locked inside the bathroom.

"Ok." Robin declares, after some time spent in reasoning. "It seems like the problem here is that you both have misjudged each other. You have talked without knowing each other, just for some prejudice you both have in your minds."

"What?!" Billy exclaims, surprised. He expected his friend to take the part for him, he didn't expect to be scolded like a goddamn toddler. Robin sends him the most intimidating glare. "Shut the fuck up, Hargrove." She hisses, looking almost scary. Billy gulps and glares at her as the best as he can, disguising his frustration with the usual

cocky façade.

“So, I think that the best solution for both of you is to clean and refresh your mind from the prejudices you’ve got above each other and try to… start again.” Robin explains, after a small pause.
Neither Billy nor Anne talks for a while. Truth is, Billy doesn’t know what to say. Maybe Robin is right, he has kind of judged the lame nerd without even know her, and she did the same with him. Shit. Maybe he should start with not thinking of Anne as a ‘lame nerd’, like, at all.

This will require an incredible effort.

“Ok.” Billy breathes out, surrendered. “We should start again.” For a moment, Robin looks surprised: maybe she has never thought that her speech could have been effective. There’s silence for a while, but then, finally, the door opens, showing the sniffling figure of Anne, eyes red by the cry.

“Ok. I think Robin is right.” She convenes, looking sheepishly at Billy. Out of nowhere, she extends her hand toward him. “Nice to meet you. I’m Anne Adams.” Billy blinks like an idiot, taken off guard. Then, he shakes her hand a little awkwardly. “Uhm… yeah. Hargrove. Billy.”

“Wonderful!” Robin comments, faking cheerfulness. “Now try to work together without killing each other!” They mumble something nonaudible, suddenly all way embarrassed.
“By the way-” The blondie starts, snapping her head toward Anne. “-I don’t know anyone that has started being a friend with Billy without trespassing a phase of enmity. He’s like, in constant war with the world, so. Don’t take it too personally, it’s just how it works with him.”

Billy grits his teeth, almost outraged. “Cut the crap, Buckley! Why are you telling my personal stuff to the four winds?!” Robin shrugs in response. “See? Hostility is his standard mood.” She explains, waving a hand toward Billy as if he’s some sort of exotic animal. “Screw you!” is the prompt, standard retort of the boy.

Anne, completely stunned, stares at him with wide eyes. Then, the

oddest sound comes out from her mouth: a chuckle. Billy sends her a surprised glance; the girl looks amused. What the hell…

“You guys are hella weird.” She comments, with a sly smirk on her face. Robin grins back. “Oh, you haven’t seen anything.” Billy, now flustered and a little too hit in the pride, throws his arms in the air. “Whatever! I’m getting out of this shithole!”

He storms out the bathroom, hiding the slight red tint on his cheeks due to the idiotic psychological insight of his unlikely bff, Robin. Screw her. Why are they even friends anyway?!

Since they ended up screwing completely the English class, Billy and Anne agree to an afternoon meeting in order to start to work properly on their project.
The modality through which they managed to do so is most likely awkward. Standing in the middle of the corridor before their next classes, it’s almost as if they’re not even able to look at each other due to the awkwardness of the situation.

“I can go to your place.” Anne declares, clenching her bag tight in nervousness. Billy widens his eyes and immediately shakes his head. “Nope. Not my place. That’s not possible.” He speaks way too fast. For a moment, Anne just sends him a questioning glance, but Billy doesn’t add a thing.

“Why not?” she inquires then, causing an immediate eye-roll in response by the boy. “Mind your own business, Adams.” He spats, rudely. She doesn’t seem offended though, her expression doesn’t shift from the pissed one she already has plastered on her face.

“Your place then?” Billy asks, after a small pause. Now is Anne’s turn to shake frantically her head in denial. “No, no I’d rather not.” Billy raises a brow in suspicion. Whatever reason the girl has to avoid her place, must be something interesting. “Oh yeah? Why’s that?” he takes a step forward, dangerously invading Anne’s personal space in order to appear more intimidating, but the girl strives to avoid flinching at the sudden move.

“Mind your own business, Hargrove.” She mocks him, in a (poor – to

Billy's advice) imitation of him. Well… since she wants to act so mysterious. "The diner, then." Billy declares, with a flat voice, practical. The girl's reaction is weird: for a few seconds, she just blinks like an idiot, opening her mouth to say something and then stopping. As if the proposition has taken her a little off guard.

"What? You got a problem with that too?" Billy snarls, on the edge. Jesus! This girl is fucking impossible. Why does she need to act this complicated? Billy doesn't really know how to deal with this shit.

After what is perceived as an eternity, Anne shakes her head and talks with a weird tone of voice. As if she's… insecure? Shying out? Billy doesn't know and doesn't care, to be honest.

"Uhm, ok. The diner is fine." She mumbles, pointing her eyes at the floor. "I'll pick you up after practice." Billy announces, without any trace of emotion or interest. "Where do you live?" he asks then and, apparently, this simple question gets the girl all flustered and he really, really needs to suppress the urge to snap at her.

"Just… pick me up at the church." She declares, starting to walk, never daring to look at Billy's eyes. He scoffs. "Fuck… don't tell me you're a church type of girl. Holy as a nun." Maybe he crossed a line, because Anne instantly shoots him the dirties glare and talks back in a hiss. "I'm not religious! And even if I was, I don't fucking need to explain anything to you, Hargrove!"

Billy raises his hands in a gesture of surrender. "Jeez, girl! Chill. Ok. Church. Meet me there at four. Don't be fucking late, I hate to wait." They separated without saying hi, both of them too angry and flustered at the same time to even try to act nice.

And that's it. Billy pulls over the Camaro in front of the church, blasting The Slayers through the speakers aloud with the windows lowered and his sunglasses on. Anne is already there, waiting for him with her usual pissed expression on her pale face, arm crossed on her chest and a foot that is tapping on the ground, impatiently.

Billy just makes a small nod at her while she enters the car. He doesn't start to drive immediately. With the engine still running, he lights up a cigarette, taking all the sweet time. Of course, Anne waves

a hand with a disgusted grimace on her face. “Would you mind not smoking? This is very annoying and gross.”

Billy grins, sharky and ferine, and blows out a small cloud in her direction. “Nope. My car my rules.” After that, he revs the engine and starts driving with crazy speed as usual.
He’s acting cocky and confident, but deep down, he feels a nervous energy itching on his skin. The annoying girl has just entered his car and has already started to get him pissed. This will be a long study session… of an impossible long day.

“The music is too loud!” she laments then, and Jesus! Billy must clench the steering wheel to not yell at the girl straight away. Fuck. Is there anyone more insufferable than this chick? Billy doesn’t think so. Even Nancy Wheeler is the coolest person on earth compared to this walking, lame disaster.

“Yeah?” Billy sends her a mockery glare. “I don’t give a shit. Ain’t gonna repeat it a third time, Adams. My car, my fucking rules!”
She groans in response. “You’re impossible!” “So are you!” now they’re arguing like freaky children. This is the level where this girl can drag Billy. It’s embarrassing, that’s what it is.
He presses the accelerator and glares at the road ahead of him in pure, agonized rage.

“You know what? I don’t really get why all the girls are dying on your feet.” Anne spats, out of nowhere. Holy fucking shit. How dare she?! Billy grits his teeth, he’s about to retort back, to spite out his fury to her, but she doesn’t leave him the time to speak.
“You’re the rudest person I ever met. You’re an impossible prick.”

…Ok. That’s it. This girl must have a death wish or something. Otherwise, it won’t be explainable how come she’s telling this kind of shit to him, Billy Hargrove. A guy who’s known for his temper.

“And your obsession on having all the attention on you? Please.” She scoffs. “That must be mommy issues or something.”

Don’t kill her. Don’t kill her don’t kill her you can’t go to jail. Billy is now repeating a few simple lines in his mind like a mantra, hoping that she would just stop. But no, of course not. She goes on and on,

impossibly loud.

“The entire school is always talking about you. What you do, who you fuck with. That’s pathetic!”

She’s just a stupid little girl with a death wish. She doesn’t know shit about you.

“And the rumor about you being gay?” at these words, Billy’s anger shifts into something akin to fear. He can’t show her, though. He continues to stare ahead at the road while driving at a crazy speed.

“You think that’s funny? That makes you… interesting, sexually libertine? Tsks. Please. There are a lot of people struggling with their sexuality outside, or maybe even inside this little town. Using it to gain attention on you is low, that’s what I think.”

…Shit. That’s it. That’s enough. Billy presses the brake, and the Camaro stops with a loud screech. He grips the steering wheel madly while trying to not burst and going berserk. He feels like the old self, the psycho with anger issues. And he hates it. He hates that guy who had destroyed Steve’s face, he hates that guy who in Cali everybody feared and avoided. This girl is seriously testing him, and he must prove to himself that he can handle it.

“You.” He hisses, through his teeth, never daring to look at her. “… Don’t know shit about me. So, stop talking.”

A long pause of silence follows. Billy doesn’t have the courage to look at the girl, but she must be surprised or something. Maybe, the fact that he has reacted not getting wild and mad has taken her aback.
He starts to drive again, this time lowering the volume of the music. For all the rest of the drive, the annoying girl finally stays silent.

Jeez… Billy doesn’t know how he will be able to survive an entire hour or more with her without chopping her head. One thing is sure: he’s mentally greeting himself for being this fucking Zen. A fucking Buddhist monk, that’s what he has become.

The first ten minutes at the diner are beyond awkward. They just

stare at their coffee, not able to start any type of civil conversation. But, after a while, Anne finally breaks the silence. What she says is quite unexpected.

“I’m sorry.”
“What?!”

Anne sighs and rubs her neck, diverting her gaze toward nothing in particular. “I’m sorry about before. In the car. I was… being annoying and you’re right. Well, I don’t know you. I shouldn’t talk about things that I don’t know.”

Billy stares at her, confused. Why the sudden amend? This girl is weird as hell. She’s a freaking lunatic. “Yeah, you shouldn’t.” he convenes, dry. “It’s just…” Anne grips her cup and starts to tap her fingers on it. Now she’s nervous again, Billy can tell. It’s like this girl has just two mood: being a pissing bitch or a flustered disaster. “…I got nervous, and that’s how I act when I feel… not comfortable.”

The boy takes a casual sip of his coffee and raises a brow. “And why you should be… not comfortable?” unexpectedly, she exhales a small laugh, never stopping fidgeting on her spot. “Because… you are…” she gestures casually with her hand. “…you. And I – well, I am me.”

Billy tsks at these cryptic words. “What the hell does that supposed to mean?” Seriously, he can’t get her. Anne scoffs and leans back on the seat. “Come on, Hargrove. You goddamn know what it means.” Nope. He doesn’t.

She sighs again and looks pensively outside the window. “All my life… I’ve been always bullied by guys like you. I learned how to defend myself. Because… if I’m nice to people, what I get back is just disappointment.”

Billy rubs his chin, thinking hard about those words. Maybe, he’s finally starting to get the girl. How her brain works. He can relate to what it means to be an asshole for self-defense, and he can also relate to how disappointing people can be. He was quite the same back in Cali… when he was the school resident psycho nutcase. It’s shitty to make everyone hate you with your own hands, but it’s even shittier to try to be likable to people and get just disappointments back.

“That’s not true.” Billy states, with a new, strange shade of seriousness in his voice. Anne sends him a questioning glance. “Yeah, I mean, people suck. I get it.” He starts, casually waving a hand while talking. “But being an asshole by default doesn’t bring anything good besides loneliness and more hate. I mean, sometimes… we think that the world is against us, but, in the end…” he thinks back at Nathan, at their personal war toward the entire fucking society. “…That’s just us, against the world. People suck, yeah. They do bad things. But sometimes we are the ones to blame. And it can change, if we change our attitude.” He can’t really stand Anne’s apprehensive gaze on him, at the moment. So, he looks outside the window, just to avoid eye contact.

“I’ve done… bad things. To good people. And before, bad people had done bad things, to me. I’ve let ‘em turning me into a monster. And it was… just rage, and hate, and fear.”
“What changed next?” Anne urges him, almost in a whisper. Billy shrugs. “Dunno. I guess I just realized that I couldn’t fight my war completely alone. I gave people a chance. And it was worth it.”

A heavy pause of silence follows. Jesus, Billy should feel embarrassed. He’s fucking sharing his personal stuff on his own will with a random stranger. That’s beyond strange. But, however… for some impossible reason, he feels some sort of connection with the girl, now. She showed her weaknesses before, and he’s repaying her with some good honesty.
“Like Robin?” Anne asks, after a while. By instinct, Billy smiles. “Yeah. Like Robin.” Something akin to a smile appears on the girl’s face too. “You guys seem so different… I can’t help but wonder how come you’ve become friends.” He shrugs in response. “Well, we do have a pair of things in common.”

A guy enters the diner. He has a black hoodie and a baseball hat, and looks nervous as hell, walking with a staggering gait toward the counter. Billy absently looks at him, without any particular reason.

“But you two look… close. Like today, in the bathroom. She was great. She really knows how to handle you.” Anne explains, sheepishly. Billy scoffs. “Please, handle me?! Don’t tell her you said that. Anyway, yeah. I guess we’re close. She’s annoying and bitching but I guess I’m not the easiest person either to deal with.”

Anne is about to say something back, but she can't. The nervous guy who has entered the diner has just raised a hand with a gun, pointing it at the girl behind the counter.
"Cash! Now!" He yells. In a moment, panic erupts in the entire diner. The girl behind the counter gasps, shocked and cornered, and the guy responds by shooting at the ceiling. "I SAID NOW. BITCH!"

Billy sends a wary glance to Anne, who's trembling in her seat.

Holy fucking crap. He thinks, biting his lip nervously. *Now that I was starting to think that the day couldn't get any stranger… a fucking robbery in a freaking diner.*

2. Part 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hullo! It has been a while.
>
> As I always say, English is not my first language, so, I'm practicing. Be tolerant.
>
> But anyway, even if I thought that someone's work sucks, I would never, never express myself in an offensive way. Behind someone's work (yeah, even a "shitty one") there's time and passion.
>
> Internet can be such a shithole... but the real world is no better. Let's try to be good with each other, shall we?
>
> I hope you enjoy my "shitty writing" and have a good day :)

The guy has taken all the cash in the register. The poor waitress has given the money to him with shaky hands. Billy and Anne are still sitting in their seats, motionless. Because, well, better not do anything when there's a crazy cokehead who's robbing a diner.

Anne looks totally upset, reasonably. It's not that Billy is the calmest either, but, yeah, after being kidnapped by evil scientists and fought demogorgons and army men, a stupid burglar is not what can scare him the most.
The cokehead has started to take the wallet of every client, ordering them to put it in a sack he has brought with him. Anne is about to reach it in the pocket of her jeans, but Billy grabs her wrist and sends her a serious glance, brows furrowed in a frown.

"Don't." he just says, with a low voice. "What?! Don't do anything stupid, Billy!" The girl whispers back, and it's strange. Looks like, in this situation of emergency, they have reached the first name basis.

"Just trust me." Billy replays, leaning back to the seat, confident. She

gasps like a fish, clearly without knowing what to do. It's not that Billy can give her any sort of explanation about what he's going to do… even if he wanted it. So, she must have faith.

The cokehead has reached them, now. He waves the sack and the gun in their direction. "Wallets! Now!" He yells. Jeez, the guy is loud. Billy absently scratches his ear, with a grimace on his face. "Yeah, I don't think so." "What?!" the cokehead is not the only one who's shocked by Billy's statement. Everyone's eyes are pointed at his figure. Can't blame them. It's almost funny, Billy would like to play with it a little, in a different circumstance.

"Should I repeat myself? I don't think so." Billy says, perfectly calm. The guy points the gun to his head, his face is a mask of fury and anger. "Kid, you think I'm joking?! I will make your pretty blonde head blow if you don't do what I say. The fucking wallet, now!"
Billy scoffs. "No, you won't."

Anne, in the meantime, has reached her wallet. Billy glares at her and then moves his eyes back to the cokehead. "Listen, dude. What's your name?" again, the guy looks totally shocked. "What?!" "Jeez, you're kind of slow on the uptake." The blonde comments, with a lazy grin. "Your name, man." If possible, Billy's words have the power to rile up the robber even more. By now, Anne is practically pissing herself.
"Kid, last warning, give me your wallet or get a hole in your forehead. Your choice."

Billy makes a face. "Yeah, well, I want to give a choice to you as well." He declares, totally calm, enjoying the little sick game he's dragging on. "You can give back what you've stolen and go out the diner, and I guarantee you that nobody will call the cops, or you can go on with your robbery plan and get 5 years sentence. Because, believe me. Nearest police station? One mile from here. You ain't gonna make it, man. I'm trying to be helpful, here." And that's the truth. He's really trying to be helpful, in his own way.
The cokehead's expression shifts into something akin to uncertainty. As if he's considering his options. It's a good sign, means that Billy's words are working. But, of course, Anne must screw everything up. She reaches her wallet to the shady guy and talks to Billy with a shaky voice.

“Come on, Billy. Don’t be stupid. Just do what he says.” These words have the power to activate the guy again and give him confidence. “Yeah, listen to your girlfriend, boy.” He snarls, waving his gun in Anne’s direction.
“She’s not my girlfriend.” Billy spats, almost immediately, annoyed. Then, he sighs and runs a hand in the hair. “Alright. I tried. Didn’t I?”

…Now it’s time to use his trick. It has been a while since the last time, so Billy can say that he’s a little bit rusty. However, a couple of seconds are enough to get his mind and the cokehead’s linked. He can feel it: an empty shell to fill. The guy is his meat puppet.
Anne sends him a shocked glance while he can feel his veins becoming throbbing and black on his neck and his eyes getting glassy. Drops of blood trickle from his nostril.
“Give me your gun.” Billy orders. The cokehead’s expression is now blank, completely stunned. He obediently passes the gun to Billy, who empties it from all the bullets. They fall on the surface of the table and crawl to the ground, producing a ticking sound.

“Now the sack. Come on.” The guy does exactly as he has been told. For a moment, Billy scoops into the sack with his sight, noticing a discrete number of wallets. Dammit! The temptation to get them himself is strong. But, looks like today he’s some sort of good Samaritan, so… no stealing.
“Good boy.” He chirps, leaning the sack on the table, enthusiast. “Now chop, chop. Go home, man. Today is not your day.”

With the same empty, creepy expression, the guy shifts on his spot and walks toward the exit, under the shocked gaze of everyone. Only when he’s outside and in his car, Billy can ‘release’ him, and he must admit: he is kind of rusty, because he’s already starting to feel sick and tired even if he has controlled the cokehead for a short amount of time.
Billy grits his teeth and brings a hand on his forehead, feeling the beginning of a pounding headache arriving. Everyone is telling him something, maybe greeting him or similar, but he’s too dizzy and confused to register the information around him properly. To be honest, the voices of the customers approaching his table are just making it worse. He needs to get out of there and get some fresh air, otherwise, he’s going to barf right there, on the surface of the diner’s

table.

He snaps on his feet at storms out of the diner, muttering ‘shit’ like a mantra through his teeth. Only when he’s outside he feels like he can breathe again. He leans his back on the Camaro and exhales a long breath, suddenly feeling cold, out of nowhere.
Billy embraces himself and tries to gain back a steady pace of breathing. Shit… that power really needs manutention. Good to know. He must continue to practice it with El, otherwise, next time he will need to use it he’ll find himself weakened like he is now.

Billy wipes his nose with the back of his hand as best as he can. Of course, Anne reaches him not after much time. She approaches him with a small run, and there’s an odd, way too concerned expression on her face.

“Billy!” Yeah, now it’s definitely a habit. She calls him by the first name. She places herself in front of him and squeezes his shoulder, never stopping staring at him like he’s some sort of lost puppy. Jeez. Billy instantly feels the urgency to get back some composure and decency. He can’t look like a freaky upset pussy, not even in front of this girl!
“Are you alright? Talk to me!”

Billy makes a face and rolls his eyes, getting back his usual façade. “Jesus, Adams! I’m all right. I needed to breathe. That’s it, don’t get your panties in a twist, girl.” But she doesn’t seem convinced at all. She keeps scrutinizing him, and she’s even pouting. To Billy’s opinion? Fucking ridiculous. She doesn’t need to get all worked up all of a sudden, it’s not that they’re friends.

Anne takes a step back and clenches her fists. Looking firm and determined. What the fuck is wrong with her now? Why this sudden change of mood?
“You did this.” It’s not a question. It’s a statement. Billy can just play the ignorant card. He scoffs, sour and venomous, hoping that the nosy girl will just forget about what she has seen. “Don’t know what you are talking about.” Of course, she insists. “The robber! His face… was empty and emotionless. I’ve never seen something like that!”

Billy, again, just scoffs and throws his arms in the air. “Yeah! So

what? The guy is a fucking junkie. They got… mood shifts. Not a big deal, is it?" Anne shakes her head and talks with a loud, frantic voice. "You! Your nose started to bleed…" "Yeah it happens sometimes." Billy is starting to feel something akin to fear. The annoying girl has observed the scene paying way too much attention on it.

No good. He's almost regretting to have intervened in stopping the robbery. He could have just let the guy do it… why did he need to be such a hero? What's the point?

Mental note to myself. Never act like a good Samaritan again. he thinks, internally scolding himself. Anne goes on with her rambling speech, gesturing with emphasis with her words. "…And your eyes… it was you! You were controlling the guy, like a meat puppet!" Billy makes a face. "Jesus fucking Christ! Do you hear yourself, Adams? How the hell would I' do that? With my mind?" Anne's response comes quickly and confident. "Exactly!"

Billy clenches his jaw and diverts his gaze, everything to not confront the prying girl directly. He fears that she might be able to detect his lies.
"You're one of them…" Anne whispers, pensive. "One of what?!" Billy can't suppress the tune of awe in his voice. He can feel it now; true utterly fear. This is beyond bad. How the fuck did this little girl discover his secret?!
"Mk-Ultra project." Anne exhales, scrutinizing Billy with her brows furrowed in a concentrated frown. "They did human experimentation in order to discover how to control people's minds. You… you're a human subject."

NO. No good no good no good. This is beyond bad!

Billy grips his hair and takes a few steps away, giving his back to the girl. He must solve this shitty situation. How the fuck does she know all this shit?! It's classified information, for god's sake.

Anne sighs and brings a hand to her mouth. "Shit… this is what happened to you when you disappeared for an entire month. You have been kidnapped!" "Shut up!" Billy barks, on the edge. The girl doesn't stop, almost pitiless. "And Robinson… he didn't hurt himself! You did that! You can make anyone do anything you want!"

In pure desperation, Billy snaps toward the girl and silences her pressing a hand on her mouth, slamming her body on the side of his Camaro, roughly. She whines something muffled behind his handbreadth, unable to speak.

“Listen, Adams.” He hisses in her ear. “This is serious shit. You don’t know what you’re talking about. This is not a game, this is not playing the detective. Where the fuck did you hear all this stuff?”

He moves his hand, and the girl breathes back the lacking oxygen. Billy doesn’t feel particularly empathetic, at the moment. Most of all, the quantity of time required by Anne to be able to speak again is simply annoying.

“Bauman…” she mumbles, with a low voice. “…I’m a huge fan of his conspiracy theories.”
Billy runs his hands on his face and takes a step back. “Murray?! Jesus Christ…” Possible wrong choice of words. Anne gets all worked up. She’s almost *smirking* in satisfaction. “So you DO know him!”

…Well, Billy screwed himself with that. He sighs, tired and defeated.

“You and I must do a talk.” He declares, surrendered at the idea. Anne’s eyes are crossed by a glimpse of interest, even excitement. Yeah, Billy guesses it is all a juicy story for her.
“…But not here.” They’re in the diner parking lot, after all. There are people roaming around.
Anne nods energetically.

I’m going to regret this.

Why is he even doing this? Billy doesn’t know. He has the feeling that he might be unable to hide the bullshit with the girl, she seems way too good with her journalistic thing.
Besides, she has seen him doing his trick. There’s no going back.

They’re now just arrived at the quarry; the first isolated place Billy could think of in order to do that infamous talk. The drive has been silent and tense, both of them too lost in their thoughts to say anything. Once outside the car, Billy lights a cigarette and looks at

the blue sky absently, blowing a cloud of smoke.

“You’re right. I can control people’s minds and actions.” And it feels strange to verbalize that with a stranger, with someone who isn’t in their small circle. He can’t see Anne’s expression, since his eyes are still pointed at the sky, willingly avoiding her gaze.

“This… power, ability, whatever you want to call it… they didn’t give me shit. It was something else who gave it to me.” Billy realizes how his words sound vague and inaccurate, but it’s not like he can add too many details to the story.

Anne approaches him, wary. Billy can’t see her but can feel her eyes glued on him. “…Who?” she whispers. “Who gave it to you…?”
The boy finally looks at her, his face is serious and firm. “Anne.” And that’s strange, it’s definitely the first time he’s calling her by her name. “The less you know the better. This is not a game, this shit is dangerous. There are dangerous people-” he points around, to emphasize the concept. “-Who are looking for me. They might hurt me, or my friends. They might… kill me.” He sighs and moves his eyes to the grass.

Anne squeezes his shoulder, making him flinch instinctively at the gesture. “Billy! If you’re in danger, you must tell the police, you…” he scoffs. “Please. If you’re the big journalist you claim to be, you must already know that this is above them.” Their eyes meet, finally. “Please.” Billy whispers. “Just drop here your investigation. This is the best for you… and for me.”

For a moment, Anne just stares at the boy, pensive. Her hand is still on Billy’s shoulder. Then, after what is perceived as an eternity, she exhales a long breath and moves her hand away while taking a step back. “Ok. I’ll leave it, I’ll pretend I didn’t see anything.”

Billy can’t help it. He sighs in surrender while a warm, small smile spreads on his face. “Thanks Adams… I mean it.” the girl just squirms on her spot and blushes a little in response.

Billy doesn’t know if he can trust her. He has just met her, literally the same morning, and it’s not like their relationship has started as the best. But it’s not like he has any other choice either. Sure, the old

Billy would have searched for something to blackmail her to have the situation under control, but now, he wants to have a little faith.

“One last thing… then I will drop it forever.” Anne says, looking a little flustered. Billy sends her a questioning glance. The girl speaks after a small pause, spent in fidgeting on her spot. “Would you… show me, again? One last time?” The blonde raises a brow, in confusion. “What?” “Your power… would you?”

Oh.
Well, Billy guesses that he can indulge her request.

He finishes the cigarette and throws it on the grass, stomping on it. Then, he looks around himself casually. The quarry is silent and empty as usual.

“Can you do it on animals?” Anne inquires, not able to keep back a good amount of excitement. Billy just shrugs. “I can do it on every living thing.” He declares, as a matter of fact.
There’s a stupid crow a few meters from them. Billy closes his eyes for a second, and then, without resistance, their minds are linked. “Animals are easier than humans.” He explains, while making the crow walking in their direction. Anne is looking at the scene, mouth parted, stunned.

“I guess it’s because… their minds are less complex.” The crow is now in front of them. Billy stretches an arm. With a small fly, more like a jump and a flapping of wings, the crow moves to Billy’s arm.

Billy grins and pets the bird’s head. “Hey there, buddy. You’re cool, ya know that?” But, of course, there’s no reaction by the animal, who’s hooking Billy’s forearm motionless. Anne brings both her hands to her mouth. “Amazing…” she breathes out, eyes glowing in adoration. Billy shrugs, suddenly cocky and smug as his usual self. “It’s just a stupid bird.”
He ‘frees’ the animal, then, and wipes his nose that has started to bleed as it always does in these occurrences.

“This is so cool…” Anne mumbles, eyes widened and pointed at the direction where the crow has disappeared. Billy, now visibly more relaxed, leans with his back pressed on the side of the Camaro and

lights up another cig. “Yeah, is that so? The way I got this nasty superpower isn’t that cool, to be honest.” He spats while casually rolling his shoulder. He’s got tense with the recent activities. Maybe he could ask Steve to play the doctor…

Anne shoots him a weird look. It looks like she’s pouting, it’s silly. “That’s not fair! You’re not going to tell me!” “Damn right, girl. The less you know the better.” They stare at each other for a while, in some sort of childish, eye challenge. Then, the girl sighs, looking defeated.

“Alright.” She exhales. Good. She’s going to finally stop the third grade and drop the topic once for all. Too many people know about Billy’s secrets already.
He moves his gaze on the trees, pensive, while smoking one of his beloved Marlboro. After all, Anne has nothing on him. No proof. But it could be really annoying if she would decide to restart her investigation. He must just trust her and hope she’s not lying.
Out of nowhere, the girl breaks his thoughts, saying something that leaves him a little bit taken aback.

“I have to pee.”
Billy squints at her. “…So?” Her reaction is in between annoying and amusing. She fidgets and gets all flustered. “There’s no bathroom here.”
…Jesus. Seriously?

Billy groans, not even trying to maintain some manners. “We are in the middle of fucking nowhere! Pee behind my car.” If possible, she blushes even more. What is she, 5-year-old?! Now Billy must tell her even how to pee? Damn, this girl has a serious social issue.

“Ok… but don’t look at me.” She mutters, eyes glued to the grass in what transpires like pure embarrassment. Billy rolls his eyes. “… Believe me, Adams. I’m really, really not interested in your fanny.”
…Possible wrong choice of words. First, there’s silence, so Billy looks at her to check if she’s broken or something. But the girl is gasping like a fish, an outraged expression on her face.

“…You’re an asshole!” she yells, offended, after a while. Again, Billy groans, out of patience. “I didn’t mean like that! Jesus, you’re touchy,

you know that?!" "Whatever!" she barks with a squeaky voice. "I'm going! Don't look at me!" "I'm not!" "Good!" "Good!"

This is beyond ridiculous. Billy throws the cig to the grass and stomps on it with pure rage while the girl has reached the other side of the car, crouching down, hidden behind the car body.

This female?! Beyond bitching. No one can compare, seriously, Billy feels like he's a fucking saint or something. Yeah, he should receive a Nobel due to his infinite tolerance and patience. Because this chick?! Fucking infuriating, that's what she is. Every time they make 'progress' in their turbulent and unlikely relation there's always something that screws everything up.

He's thinking that while he hears the sound of an approaching car. Who the fuck is now?! Nobody comes to the quarry, except for teens who want to fuck and get high…
Wait a minute.
No. It can't be. No fucking way.

"Shit, someone's coming…" Anne hisses on the other side of the car, still peeing on the grass.

Billy feels his blood run cold all of a sudden, while he can just mentally scold himself for being that idiot.
Steve.
He has told him to meet him at the quarry at six… how the hell did he forget about that?!
The infamous Beemer parks next to his Camaro. Anne is still hidden. Steve exits. He has a wide grin plastered on his face, he talks with a loud voice, completely oblivious about the frisky situation there.

"Good evening, babe! You look like you have seen a ghost!" Yeah, and Billy feels pretty much like it. He's completely frozen while Steve presses a quick peck on his lips. It's like his body is not able to react, too overwhelmed by the sudden feeling of panic. Steve doesn't notice it; he starts to babble with his trademark stupid loquacity.

"Chilly here, isn't it? I don't understand why you still keep wanting to fuck in places like this. I mean, I get it, you like the risk to be caught hooking up in open spaces, but my house is way too

comfortable! Why do you always need to…”

Steve can’t continue. Anne appears from behind Billy’s car, and her face can be described simply as shocked.
“Oh, fuck…” The brunette mumbles, finally understanding the gravity of the situation. Billy is still frozen on his spot. What he would like to do, now, is to simply dig a hole and crawl in it, disappearing from the rest of the world.

“Steve Harrington?” Anne asks, confused, as if she can’t really understand if she can trust her sight or not. For a moment, is just a Mexican standoff of glances that goes from a person to another. The situation is so absurd and paranormal that no one dares to say a word.

Then, Steve erupts in a nervous laugh. “Yeah, it’s me! Yeah.” Billy can hear all his uneasiness in the voice. The boy is even keeping a certain distance from him, crossing his arms on his chest in a defensive position.

Anne is still gasping like a fish, unable to say anything sensible. So, Steve starts to do what he always does when he feels cornered: he overtalks.
“About what you heard… we were just joking! You know, boys’ inside jokes. Gay jokes. We do that a lot, it’s our thing…” “Steve.” Billy interrupts him, shooting him a dirty glare. “Yes?” “Shut the fuck up. You’re making it worse.” The poor Steve just swallows and lowers his head, looking like a defeated puppy. The sight is kind of a sting in the heart for Billy, it’s his fault, after all. He’s the one to blame for that disaster. He’s an idiot of biblical proportions. This is not common for him! He never makes this kind of dumb mistake. Today is really not his day.

“So… the rumor… is true.” Anne mutters, brows furrowed in a shocked frown. “You two are a couple!”

“Please don’t tell anyone!” Billy hates himself for sounding this pathetic, but, screw everything. This is an emergency situation. “I’m serious, Adams… this is serious shit. You can’t say a fucking word.” Now he’s opting for an intimidating glare, but his fear is way too evident to make him look even vaguely threatening.

For a while, Anne just stares at him. There's an unreadable expression on her face. But, in the end, her gaze softeners in something akin to… apprehension?

"Billy…" her voice comes out as a whisper. "Do you think so low on me? I could never do something like that." a small pause follows. "Actually… I totally support this!" she says this line while looking at Steve, who lets out a small chuckle. "Uhm… thanks?"

Billy would really like to retort how he doesn't give a shit if the girl supports him or not, it's not that they are friends or something and he needs her approval about who he's fucking. With an exercise on self-restraint, he decides to keep it to himself.

"…Ok." He exhales, tired, rubbing the eyes with his palms. "Then better to move, now. We got nothing else to say." He's not searching for a fight, he's just really tired of this shit.
This last line apparently surprises Anne for who knows what reason. For a moment, she blinks and says nothing. Then, she ends up nodding, uncertain.
"Yeah, ok… let's go."

Billy shoots her an inquiring glance, but then, fuck it, he decides to press a small kiss on his boyfriend's lips because jeez if he feels guilty for having him dragged into this. He will make amend, that's for sure.
"I take her home and then I'm going to your place." He explains, resolute. Steve nods feebly. It's evident how worried he is… maybe he's not even worried about being outed by a random girl, perhaps his concerns are all on Billy. Billy knows how his boyfriend tends to be hyper-protective and easily worked up. He decides to plant another quick kiss on the side of Steve's mouth and caresses his cheek.
"It's ok. I can handle this. I'll see you later."

It looks like Steve needs some time to think about it. Then, he sighs and nods. "…Ok. It's all right," "Yeah, it's all right." Billy repeats, almost dumbly, trying to convince himself with his words.
He clears his throat and takes a step back, finally facing Anne who has been aloof all the time, clearly overly flustered by the idea of assisting an 'intimate' moment between the boys.

“Let’s go.” He orders, while entering the car. Steve sends a goofy salute to the girl, smiling and looking cute as usual. “Goodbye, mysterious girl with Billy!” Anne chuckles timidly while opening the car door. “Goodbye, Steve.” Of course she knows who Steve Harrington is. He was King Steve, after all.

Once inside the car, Billy clenches the steering wheel and lets out a long, tired breath. Today is really not his day. He starts the engine; his hands are almost shaky. Anne is staring at the side window, avoiding confronting the boy directly.

“When I said that I thought you were the one who spread the rumor about being gay on yourself…” her voice is low, almost a whisper. She looks on the verge of tears. Billy can’t really place why. This freaking girl is a lunatic, after all.

He revs the engine and starts to drive at a crazy speed as usual, leaving Steve’s Beemer behind, at the quarry. The sun is almost down, and the sky is starting to get red.
“…I said that there are people who are struggling with their sexuality…” out of nowhere, she burst into a muffled sob and, Jesus! This is even more awkward. Billy wants to melt on the seat. He doesn’t know how to fucking deal with this!

“…Oh god, I’m so sorry! I’m so stupid! Can you forgive me?” Anne whimpers, pulling off her glasses and rubbing the watering eyes. Billy sighs and taps the steering wheel nervously with his indexes. “Jeez, Adams… I’m not a martyr, ain’t I?” the girl sniffles. “Yeah, but…” “It’s ok. You didn’t know. Not a big deal.”

Anne wipes her tears and tries to get back some composure. Perhaps she’s embarrassed for that outburst, but, by now, they have already reached a considerable variety of emotional meltdowns in a single day. They made quite a record.
“I’m not gonna say anything. I promise.” She announces, her eyes in a resolute frown. “I swear, your secrets are safe with me. All of them.”

I hope so. Because, otherwise, after today I’m royally screwed. Billy thinks, wrinkling his nose at the idea.

“Yeah, well… lucky that you knew just a part of them.” Billy jokes, casually turning on the speakers. He’s not quite in the mood for The Slayers, so he pulls off the tape and reaches it to the girl next to him.
“Put that in its case and pick another one.” He orders, with a flat, even bored, voice. He’s still totally upset about what has just happened though. Anne, obviously, spends a considerable amount of time just staring at the boy, surprised by the unexpected request. Billy is about to reproach her for her slow reactions when she finally takes the tape and starts to browse for another one, fumbling in the drawer of the passenger seat.

“I don’t know anyone of these artists…” she weakly complains, embarrassed. Billy just shrugs. “So, pick one that seems inspiring for the name, girl.” “They all look kinda aggressive.” Anne comments, making a face. “Metallica… Pantera… Iron Maiden? 666 The number of the beast?” “That’s a good one!” the blonde exclaims, letting a small smirk appear on his face while putting the tape on.

The music begins. Billy keeps it at a reasonable volume only to avoid discussing with his unlikely companion of today’s adventures. She starts to bitchin about it not after a while.
“I don’t like it! It’s too angry!” Billy tsks at her while hitting the steering wheel with his handbreadths, timing with the music. “It’s strong and energetic! Way better than the new wave bullshit that is fashionable these days. Feel the power, Adams!” Anne chuckles slightly in response, covering her mouth with a hand in almost a modest way. “If you say so…”
“You know what?!” Billy snaps, grinning like a shark. “You would make such a good metalhead, with all that anger and rage bottled up in you.” The girl laughs, sincerely and crystalline. It’s strange. It’s almost as if they were friends.

Billy pulls over the car next to the church and lowers the volume. “Here we are.” He declares. Anne squirms on her seat, suddenly all uncomfortable. “Actually…” She mumbles, her voice full of uncertainty. “Would you mind… leaving me at my place?” The boy sends her a questioning glance; she was the one who asked him to pick her up at the church, hiding where she lives like a damn psychopath. Looks like Anne has understood his thoughts, because suddenly she becomes all apologetic.

“Sorry… just… please?” She tries, tentative. With a huge, mentally shrug, Billy starts to drive, following her directions. She doesn’t live that far from the church. Why the fuck did she hide her place from him? Does she really think that he’s that dangerous? He doesn’t give a damn about her house!
Most of all, from the outside, her place looks like owned by someone loaded. Tsk. Figures.
He pulls over the car in front of the house. Looks like Anne doesn’t dare to look at him.

“I need to tell you something.” She declares, all worked up. Billy sends her an inquiring glance; this sounds like serious shit. It even looks like it requires a lot to be said aloud. Anne is fidgeting on her spot like a weirdo.

“I am… the daughter of the principal.”
Wait. What?!
Is this for real? Is she taking the piss?

Billy stares at her trying to decipher the hoax behind it, but, apparently, she’s for real. Damn… that’s… unexpected.
“This is why I told you to pick me up at the church. I was afraid of the repercussion that making you aware of where I live could cause. I was afraid that you may have bullied me and blackmail me.”

Jesus! He’s not that cruel. Wait a minute. Is he?

Billy scrutinizes the girl with a pensive frown. “Why are you telling me this now?” Even if the answer is pretty obvious. She squirms and blushes a little. “Because… I just discovered some of your secrets, huge ones. I want to make sure that you can trust my silence. People give me shit all the time in school… and this information, if slipped in the wrong hands, could ruin me.”

This is… considerate? Nice? Billy can’t tell but feels sudden weird gratitude for that nerdy girl.
She clenches her fists on her knees and fidgets awkwardly. “I also wanted to say… thanks… for… today. For everything.”

What? That’s new. Billy looks at her with a raised brow.

“I mean… you spared me and a lot of other people to have our wallets confiscated. That’s definitely something.” She explains, letting out a little shaky laugh. Oh yeah, the robbery. Billy had almost forgotten about that.

“And I… I’ve been a total jerk to you. I misjudged you from the beginning. You’re not who you want to appear.” It looks like it costs a lot for Anne to say those words. Billy can’t tell if it’s due to shyness or pride. She sighs. “And, again, I’m really sorry. I said mean things to you…” “Yeah, well, I hadn’t been exactly a knight either.” Billy admits, tapping his index nervously on the steering wheel and refusing to look at the girl in the eyes. This is way too awkward, for both of them.

Anne chuckles. “No. You weren’t.” A pause of silence follows. The engine is still running on.

“I think we started with the wrong foot.” The girl declares, and yeah, nothing to say about that. they both have been assholes to each other. But maybe Robin is right; Billy really doesn’t know anyone that can be defined as a friend whose relation has started without a phase of hostility. It’s almost as if that is just his standard way to deal with humans.
“We can make this up.” Anne proposes, finally looking at him with a small, warm smile. Billy pretends to think about it, just because he needs to be a jackass as default. He taps his chin and tilts his head. “Mmh… we could, yeah.” He states, in the end. “Also because, don’t know if you noticed, but we didn’t do shite today.”

Anne blinks and gasps like a fish, taken aback. “Yeah… you’re right, actually.” She whispers, dumbly.
“Guess we were too involved in assisting a robbery, arguing, and basically throwing shit to each other all day long.” Billy jokes, grinning ferine. The girl chuckles, looking sincerely amused. More normal. Less stuck-up.

Maybe there are people who aren’t exactly likable in the first place, but with who you need to dig a little bit. Billy, too, is well aware of how he’s not really the nicest person in the world. It’s not that he feels that different from Anne in this, apart from the fact that he managed to give the school a false image of himself while she acts

like a bitch to push everyone away and not risk being refused by people.

They salute a little awkwardly, suddenly all embarrassed and too shy to look at each other. When Billy starts to drive, his eyes go on the reflection of the girl in the rearview mirror, without apparent reason. She waves a hand at him, smiling. He makes a quick nod back.

It's dumb.

Once inside Steve's house, Billy practically attacks him with a long, apologetic kiss, leaving the brunette breathless.

"Hey, hey, hey babe… it's ok, I trust you. It's ok." The boy whispers, cupping Billy's face with his hands and making their foreheads collide. "She's not gonna say anything." Billy declares, encircling his boyfriend's torso with his arms, enjoying the warmth spread by his body. Steve lets out a small laugh and kisses Billy's cheekbone. "It's ok. All I care about is to you to be all right." "I'm all right." Billy confirms, suddenly sounding incredibly tired.

They share another long, heated kiss and move to the couch. Steve leans an arm on Billy's shoulder and the boy feels almost instantly his tension evaporating away. Everything goes in the background when he's in Steve's arms.

For a while, they cuddle in silence, which end up being broken by Billy. He feels like he needs to give a few explanations to his boyfriend. "She's a lame nerd who's been paired with me for a project. Basically, this morning she started being bitching and I made her cry." Even if it's not anything to be proud of, Steve laughs at this. "You're such an asshole…" but there's not much reproach in his voice, most of all, he sounds amused.

Billy smirks and sends him a lascivious glance. "I know, princess." He admits, licking his lips. "Since we didn't get anything done in class, we agreed to meet up for a study session at the diner this afternoon. Short story long, we were fighting all the time. Until… at the diner, a cokehead started a robbery." "What?!" Steve's reaction is beyond amusing. He snaps on his spot, suddenly all worked up. Billy grins

and pokes his chest. “Reelax, princess! I stopped him. With that stupid power.” But Steve, instead of getting relieved, grips his hair in a sign of stress. “Jesus, Billy! And you’re telling me like this, like nothing ever happened?!” Billy raises a brow. “How the fuck should I tell you, pretty boy?” “Did he have a gun?!” “Of course, he had. That’s the point of a robbery, ain’t it?”

At these words, Steve groans, looking almost *pissed* by Billy’s lack of concerns. “You could have died! You could have got shot, you…” the blonde decides the shush him with a kiss, interrupting the spiraling of dread and over-preoccupations of his way too apprehensive boyfriend.

“But I am alive and kickin’, ain’t I?” He jokes on Steve’s mouth. The boy swallows and nods, his brows still furrowed in a concerned expression, but not anymore on the verge of freaking out.
Billy finishes to tell him the rest of the story, trying to not linger too much on the details. There’s no use, after all.
“Jeez…” Steve exhales, surprised, squeezing his boyfriend’s shoulder while moving his gaze ahead of him at nothing in particular. “Such a crazy day you got there… the most exciting thing that happened to me today was to have Dustin teaching me how to fix the cash register in the store, just sayin’.”

Billy chuckles at that and moves his head on the crook of Steve’s neck. “You need to stop to let kids teach you how to live… that’s embarrassing.” Steve laughs back. “You know what, love? You kind of have a point.”

They share other laughs and sloppy kisses. Then, Steve’s expression becomes something strange out of nowhere, something bold and ironic. “I’m proud of you, anyway.” Billy sends him a questioning glance, even if his guts get stupidly warmed up at the idea of having made Steve ‘proud’.

“In the end, you’ve been empathetic with that girl… and she was able to see you for what you are.” He presses a kiss on Billy’s cheek and taps the boy’s temple with his index “…Beautiful. Here.”
Feeling infinitely stupid, Billy blushes and gulps at Steve’s words, an odd flattering sensation hits his stomach. Steve leans back and a little and slides a hand on Billy’s thigh while looking at him with

maliciousness in his eyes. “Of course, you’re beautiful here too.” He states, gesturing toward Billy’s figure. “…But that’s none of her business.” He adds then, getting back to Billy’s lips. Billy grins between the kisses. “…Idiot.” He’s able to mumble, between a kiss and another.

They part after a while, both feeling the arousal creeping on while their hands are starting to be explorative by default.
What Steve says next is not what Billy expected to hear.

“You’re staying for dinner?”
Billy raises a brow, hiding a little spark of annoyance. “I believed we were going to fuck, now.” Steve wrinkles his nose in a cute way. “Yeahhh… I mean… it’s late. I’m hungry.” “Fine!” Billy exhales, defeated by his boyfriend’s request.

Steve smirks, satisfied, and kisses the side of his mouth. “Besides…” his voice is teasing now, flirting. “…I like to keep you as dessert.” For a moment, Billy just stares at him, out of words. But then, he burst into a laugh and playfully pushes his boyfriend’s shoulder.

“Jesus, Harrington! Did you seriously just compare my asshole to a dessert? That’s too low even for you.”
Steve gets suddenly all flustered at Billy’s reproach. He squirms on his spot and talks with a way too acute voice, blushing like an idiot. “I-I thought it was something sexy to say!” he whines. Billy can’t help it; he laughs at his boyfriend’s stupidity that has always the power to lighten up his days like anything else.

Then, the boy climbs into Steve’s lap and kisses him, cupping his face with his hands.

“You’re a dork, Steve Harrington.” He says while their faces are barely a few inches distant. Steve chuckles and slides his hands on Billy’s back, slipping them under his shirt.

“It has been a while since the last time you said that.” He declares, as a matter of fact.

Author's Note:

Will Billy able to stop the robbery and be a very unlikely superhero?

But, most of all, will he be able to not kill the annoying girl?

As usual, English is not my native language so I apologize for the typos & stuff.